

WHERE ARE THEY?

DEAR EDITOR EVANGELIST:—I seat myself this beautiful Christmas morning, to say a word in regard to our old veteran writers; it seems they nearly all have quit writing for the EVANGELIST. When I was at the famous Arnold grove meeting, in 1882, I saw a cheap boy elbowing his way through the crowd having in his hand a bundle of papers headed Where is Holsinger. I knew then just where he was for I saw him there in the flesh, and I thought I knew where he was in spiritual things, for he was the recognized leader of the Progressive movement that was then about to be inaugurated. But what surprises me now, is that the dear Bro. has now quit writing for the EVANGELIST. And then there is Bro. John Nicolson, who it seems has hid himself away in California and don't write; and then there is Bro. Wolf don't write, and where is Bro. W. J. H. Bauman, that he don't write? And where is C. Forney, and A. P. Gibson, and W. G. McClintock? And where is our own Bro. J. H. Swihart, that he don't write? And where is bro. Perry, and Rench and L. W. Ditch? And where is our veteran P. J. Brown, and a host of other names that I cannot just now recall.

Oh, dear brethren write occasionally, it would be so much satisfaction to us who are poor writers, and if you can't find time to write long letters, just write and say that you are alive, and doing well, and if you see this in print, you will write again.

N. A. FAME.

"DESTROY THIS TEMPLE

and in three days I will raise it up."—John ii, 19.

By destroying the body of Christ, the Jews were destroying the temple itself, as he foretold them, Matt. xxvii, 40. A few years more and it was in ruins. To himself his words had a very definite meaning: "Destroy this temple, as you certainly will by disowning my authority, and resisting my acts of reform, and at length crucifying me, and in three days I will raise it. As by denying my authority and crucifying my person you destroy this house of my father, so by my resurrection will I put

men in possession of God's true dwelling-place, and introduce a new and spiritual worship. The Messiah perishes; the temple falls. The Messiah rises again; the true temple rises on the ruins of the symbolical temple."

"The Jews had rebuilt more splendidly the Temple of Solomon. But to rebuild the temple they destroyed in crucifying the Lord was beyond them. The sign of rebuilding their temple of marble, which they scouted as a ridiculous extravagance, was really a far less stupendous and infinitely less significant sign than that which he actually gave them in rising from the dead. If it was impossible to rear that magnificent fabric in three days, yet something might be done towards it; but towards the raising of the dead body of Christ nothing could be done by human skill, diligence, or power. But in three days a new and better temple was raised in Christ's body, glorified by the presence of the indwelling God. He furnished all mankind with a new and better temple, with the means of spiritual worship and constant fellowship with God."

EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE.

WORTH THE MONEY.

Good advice is worth something, and lawyers know that it often costs something.

A story is told of a young lawyer, a Massachusetts legislator, who sometimes looked upon the wine when it was red, and at a ball one evening, in the course of the festivities, became somewhat too joyous. Seeing this, one of his friends approached him and advised him to seek his room and his bed.

The young lawyer said nothing, but with great solemnity took a dollar from his pocket, and thrust it into the hand of his friend.

"But I don't want money!" said the gentleman; "I merely suggested that you go to bed."

"Take it, take it," was the reply, in the blandest of tones. "I've charged two dollars for a good deal poorer advice than that."

If all good advice was paid for at that price some people would have less money to fool away, and others would have more to use properly.

Home Circle.

THE GLADSOME MORN.

BY MRS. ALICE J. HOLMES.

'Tis come! 'tis come! the gladsome morn!
The waiting ages wait no more;
To-day the Christ of God is born!
Him let all earth and heaven adore.
Hail, star of promise! Jacob's star,
That in its destined hour appears!
Hail, longed-for dayspring, seen afar
Down the dim track of lingering years.
The Son of David! Lo, he sleeps,
On the sweet mother's bosom laid:
No princely guard the manger keeps,
No royal homage there is paid.
But softly on the quivering air
Floats the low hum of rustling wings
The hosts of God glad tidings bear,
And wake glad strains from myriad strings
Glad tidings of great joy to men!
Glad tidings! Shout them earth around;
Till desert wast and lonely glen
Shall catch and echo back the sound.
Welcome, O mortals, Christ your King!
Jesus, Redeemer, call his name;
All grace and truth he comes to bring,
Life, pardon, peace, his lips proclaim.
Where sin and death and sorrow spread
O'er peopled realms the gloom of night,
He, the bright Morning Star, shall shed
O'er the wide world celestial light.
Ye troubled hearts that long have borne
The weary weight of guilt and fears;
Ye wanderers, hopeless and forlorn,
Behold your Saviour! Dry your tears!
Earth long accursed shall smile again,
Enrobed with Eden's primal bloom;
And God himself shall dwell with men,
And hope immortal cheer the tomb!
O Son of God! O prince of Peace!
We hail thy reign of love begun;
Thy name, thy kingdom, shall not cease
Till time's last hour shall quench the sun!

—Selected.

THE COMING YEAR.

What is before me in the coming year? God has hidden it from me because I could not bear its sorrow. There are failures as wretched as any in the past, griefs as bitter, longings unsatisfied, ideals unattained. Or, if in any way I may grow stronger and happier, a year's improvement will be almost unnoticed. And there are old sorrows that time will not soften, because it has not. I see them lying dark along the way before me, reaching into the black cloud, where they meet who knows what coming dangers and changes and plans? God promises me no better years than he has given me. Indeed, what am I that I should ask for better years? God is greater than my prayers have ever been. God is more eager than my complaints. If